

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SLAVE GIRL

CIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF A SLAVE GIRL. Written by Herself. Edited by L. MARIA CHILD. 12mo. pp. Boston: Published for the Author.

The mixture of romance and reality which enters largely into the composition of the geographical sketches intended to illustrate the social and domestic character of Slavery, created a certain prejudice against the whole of this kind of literature in the minds of a considerable portion of the community. There is no obvious endeavor after melodramatic effect; many of the high-colored scenes have little of probability; isolated fragments of experience are curiously combined into what is meant for impressive unity; feelings and language are ascribed to the subjects which are too decided for that of keeping with their condition to command belief even of the most facile credulity. In the volume before us, we are happy to find, is remarkably free from the faults to which we have alluded. In point of naturalness of tone, simplicity of expression, and simplicity of narrative, it is scarcely open to objection even from the most judicious readers. Nor is it infected by the faults of the story which it scarcely avoids in its honest story of oppression on the one hand, and suffering on the other; but, on the contrary, such of its manifold scenes has an interest of its own, casting a fresh and vivid light on the relation of master and slave, as it exists in our own country. The author is a native of North Carolina; she was born in bondage, for which she made her escape at the age of twenty-seven; and for eighteen years has lived in the family of an eminent literary man in the vicinity of New-York, from whose wife she bears the highest testimonials to her capacity and merits. The volume has been written at odd hours which could be snatched from her household duties, and is now published with the earnest desire of arousing the women of the North to a sense of the condition of two-thirds of the women at the South still in bondage.

In Mrs. Child's appropriate Introduction to the Autobiography, she remarks, that in revising the manuscript for the press, she has made such changes as were necessary for purposes of condensation and orderly arrangement, adding nothing to the incidents, and with trifling exceptions, retaining the idiom and the language of the writer. The following paragraphs more directly indicate the character of the volume, and the purpose of its publication:

It will naturally excite surprise that a woman reared in Slavery should be able to write so well. But my circumstances will explain this. I was brought up in the midst of the most refined and cultivated of the mistress, with whom she lived till she was two years old, was a kind, considerate friend, who taught me to read and spell. Thirdly, she was placed in favorable circumstances after she came to the North, having frequent intercourse with intelligent persons, and I was enabled to acquire a wide acquaintance. I supposed to give her opportunities for self improvement.

I am well aware that many will accuse me of imposture for presenting these pages to the public; for my experiences of this intelligent and much-improved slave belong to a class which some call delicate scenes, and others indelicate. This peculiar phase of Slavery is, however, too long veiled, but the public ought to be more acquainted with its monstrous features, and willingly take the responsibility of presenting it with the veil withdrawn. I do this for the sake of my sisters in bondage, who are suffering with me, and who have the same objects to strive to, and with the hope of arousing conscientious and reflecting women at the North to a sense of their duty to the exertion of moral influence on the quickly passing Slavery, on all possible occasions. I do it with the hope that every man who reads this volume will be enabled to say, as our God said, so far as he has power to prevent it, no fugitive from Slavery shall ever again back to suffer in that houseless den of corruption and cruelty.

The opening chapter of the volume presents a picture of the childhood of the writer, and is a good specimen of her descriptive talents:

I was born a slave; but I never knew it till my father's happy childhood had passed away. My father was a carpenter, and constructed and fitted out the houses and barns, and in the building of the common line were to be erected, he was sent from long distances to be head workman. On condition of paying his mistress \$20 a year and supporting himself, he was allowed to work at his trade, and manage his own time. His oldest son, who was called Willie, was a child, but, though he several times offered his hand earnings for that purpose, he never succeeded. In compliance my parents were a slave of brownish yellow, and were termed mulattoes. They lived together in a comfortable home; and when we were all slaves, I was so fondly attached to my mother, that I was able to bear with meekness to them for safe keeping, and liable to be demanded of them at any moment. I had one brother, William, who was two years younger than myself, bright, affectionate child. I had also a great tender in my maternal grandfather's arms, who was called Fanny. She was the daughter of a planter in South Carolina, who, at his death, left her mother and his three children free, with money to go to St. Augustine, where they had relatives. It was during the Revolutionary War, and they were obliged to leave their home, and take refuge in the arms of a purchaser. Such was the story my grandmother used to tell me; but I do not remember all the particulars. She was a little girl when she was captured and sold to the keeper of a large hotel. I often heard her tell how she almost died with grief and intelligence, and was so faithful that her mistress could not help seeing it was for their interest to take care of such a valuable piece of property. She became an indispensable personage in the household, and officiating in all capacities, from a place of mere help, and her nice crackers became so famous in the neighborhood that many people were desirous of obtaining them. In consequence of numerous requests of her kind, she asked permission of her mistress to be up and down at night, after the usual hour of going to bed, and she obtained leave to do it, provided she would clothe herself and her children from the proceeds these terms, after working hard all day for her mistress, she began her midnight baking, assisted by her two oldest children. The business proved profitable; and each year she was allowed to save more, and to purchase her children, and her master died, and the property was divided among the heirs. The widow hid her dowry in the house, and she continued to keep open. My grandmother remained in her service as a slave, but her children were divided among her two oldest sons, the youngest, and five, Betsy, the youngest one, was sold, and each year might have an equal portion of the proceeds, and she obtained more than \$100 dollars and cents. There was so little difference of ages that it seemed more like my brother than my uncle. He was a bright, handsome lad, and was the father for the inheritance of his grandfather's success. He was only ten years old, \$750 was paid for him. His sale was a terrible blow to my grandmother; but she was naturally hopeful, and she went to work with renewed energy, trusting in time to be able to purchase one of her children. She had laid up \$200, which she desired one day began to give her grandchild, and she writing given to a slave is legally binding; according to Southern laws, a slave, being properly held no property. When my grandmother died, she had earned for her mistress, and was trusted to her by her honor. The honor of the widow was that she sold her. My brother William and I often received portions of the crackers, cakes, and preserves, made to sell; and after we ceased to be children, we were indebted to her for many more important services.

Such was the life of my mother, and the circumstances of my childhood. When I was six years old, my mother died; and then for the first time I learned to feel around me that I was a slave. My mother's name was the daughter of my grandmother's mother. She was the foster-sister of my mother; and we both perished at my grandmother's breast. My mother and her mother were both married to the same man, my mother and her mother were both married to the same man. They played together as children; and when they became women, my mother was a most faithful servant to her white foster sister. On her death, my mistress promised that her children should not suffer for anything; and during her life she was the best of mothers. They all spent their lives in the same way. They played together as children; and when they became women, my mother was a most faithful servant to her white foster sister. On her death, my mistress promised that her children should not suffer for anything; and during her life she was the best of mothers. They all spent their lives in the same way. They played together as children; and when they became women, my mother was a most faithful servant to her white foster sister. On her death, my mistress promised that her children should not suffer for anything; and during her life she was the best of mothers. They all spent their lives in the same way.

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Considering the much he had to endure, it is very surprising how his feeble and delicate organization was so long borne up. Pursuing his studies far into the light, and often denied, watching till the last year he drew down pale in the dawning light, he retained the vigor of his intellect unimpaired, despite the curses heaped upon his head, or the prayers raised piously to Heaven for his annihilation. Held by his clerical brethren as a man better than a demon, sincere, and even generous, he was nevertheless a man of iron will, and his very wrath were pollution to their sacred atmosphere, quickly and unconsciously moved onward, laboring under the discharge of his duties, yet uttering his sentiments with all the freedom that the great Nature he worshipped bestowed upon her creatures. It is not until that freedom he knew and acknowledged, and was at once made master of free institutions, free speech, and the mediator of free thought. He recognized liberty as the highest gift of God to his children, and was never weary of battling in its cause. Public opinion, always good with no obstacle in his path. Perhaps he did not know the good will of men, but he did know the evil will of those who would do him harm, and he stood back with a hypocritical grin, saying, I believe so and so, but is it policy or due to prudence? I—not he!—but he came boldly out and told the world just what he thought and believed, and though all mankind opposed him, and the press was ripe with censure, still, true to his purpose, he held fast manfully on. The first time he saw such things printed, his own heart pointed out the true course to be pursued, and the night of the hurricane could not bring him from it. The Napoleon of his profession, brought an adamantine will into the great battle-field of human rights, and retired from the arena with ill-gotten glory. Waterloo led to his glory. And though he gained the name of blasphemous, owing to the fact that he dared to believe and acknowledge, and was at once called an infidel, he was not dead to the world which he loved. But it was his goodness of heart that riveted his conversation to the Music Hall, and for this reason, while they have been branded as rationalists for listening to his sermons, they have been stigmatized as man-worshippers for their devotion to him.

"I am not blind," May we point out, "equally blind either to the teacher address a crowded house, or equally address a crowded house; does the Gospel draw the multitude—or is it the man?" But well might his congregation love him, for Theodore Parker's private life was no way inconsistent with his doctrine. He was as free as the air, and as full of grace as the water. The advocate of philanthropy in the pulpit, he freely opened his own purse to the needy. While others in affluence whispered his name with a shudder, over the cradles of their infants, the blessings that poured from his bounteous hand kept alive the living link between him and his people. His home was a place where many a young man found a friend, and every one who came to him felt like a poor student, as he truly his mid-day lamp, remembers Theodore Parker's glow, in the eternal glow that falls on the page before him.

J. H. WESTMINSTER REVIEW. April. (L. Scott & Co's
Republication.)

The claims of Mr. Charles Kingsley as a teacher of history are subjected to a rigid examination in the opening article of this number. His inaugural lecture Professor of History in the University of Cambridge pronounced to be "bad, from the title-page to the conclusion—bad in conception and in execution, in argument, in style, and even in grammar." Even those who share his opinions have no reason to be proud of their champion, and however sound they may deem his principles, they must dread his chronic habit of publishing. The public at large, the Review thinks, will continue to prefer Mr. Kingsley's earlier writings, and his name is remembered in the next generation, if it will not be in connection with a Lecture on the Limits of Exact Science as applied to History.—The Review still more severe on the latest work of our famous countryman, Mr. R. W. Emerson, of whose "Essays on the Conduct of Life" it remarks: "We are inclined to think that they will add but little to his reputation, and may, perhaps, lead to a reconsideration of the grounds on which that reputation rests, with results more favorable to its maintenance. We cannot remember any author who has written so much on moral questions whose name is so completely unassociated with any definite doctrine; his name does not evocate any great subject fully treated, but stands for a certain manner and rhetorical way of putting things in general, and even on the topics he treats of we meet in his books no independent and original thoughts, but mere desultory musings; he has been called suggestive, and this is only true in the sense that all incomplete suggestions are suggestive; a suggestive writer must have something of his own; extravagant dressing up of other men's thoughts is not suggestive; the extravagance attracts attention, but the more attention you pay to such writings, the less satisfactory the result; the fair and attractive exterior is as delusive as Dead-Sea apples. The sum of all his vehement exhortations is mostly some ordinary truism, or some string of antithetical opinions, without an attempt at solution; the vestiges of patient inquiry are rare indeed, the colors of good and evil are laid on with an equal hand, and seldom more than the flowers. Extravagant imagery and out-of-the-way illustrations keep the reader in a constant state of surprise, and on laying down the book after the perusal of each essay, it is difficult to say to what result the author has arrived at all proportionate to the fire and energy of his language. The mode, too, in which he treats his subjects is as characteristic as the language; the strange disjointed heaps of sentences might often be read backward with as much effect as in the sequence in which they are offered to the reader; there is no progress of thought, but loose remarks are accumulated round some arbitrary point which cannot be called a center. These features, which characterize all Emerson's works, are more marked and evident in this last, the manner in which attracted when novelty becomes oppressive proportion to our familiarity with it; it has been said style that is the man; but style presupposes labor of thought, and is a source of endless enjoyment. If with authors as it is with painters, those who have a style are immortal, but a mannerist, however popular may be for a season, is soon forgotten, and after a while it becomes a matter of wonder that he was ever object of popular admiration. Mr. Emerson has much in common with the mocking-bird of his own days; of old he used to echo Flieck and Jean Paul, in the present volume he is evidently dominated by that reputable countryman of his, Walt Whitman; many passages might be transferred to the notorious "Leaves of Grass," of course to the cleanest and most decent of all American production, which he achieved the first of its strange poetry."—"There are other articles of interest in the number on "The Sicilian Revolution," Voltaire's Romances," "The Universities and Scientific Education," "The Cotton Manufacture," and "New Money."

NEW MONEY SYSTEM THE ONLY MEANS OF SECURING THE RESPECTIVE RIGHTS OF LABOR AND PROPERTY. By EDWARD ANTIPOFF. Edited by M. A. LAMARCA FERRER. This pp. 308. Published by Carleton.

The late lamented author of this volume was a profound and ingenious theorist in regard to the true functions of money as an agent of industry and commerce. His work entitled "Labor and Other Capital," which was first published in the year 1849, attracted considerable attention by the originality of its views and the earnestness and force of its illustrations, although his main positions have not commanded the assent of any scientific authorities in the science of political economy. The volume now issued is a revised edition of the work, with numerous additions from the manuscripts of the author, prepared by his daughter, who has long been his amanuensis, and familiar with his modes of thought and expression. The views of Mr. Antiopoff tend to the establishment of a lower rate of interest than prevails in most commercial communities, and thus introducing a sounder relation between labor and capital; but his plan contemplates no sudden or extensive changes in the distribution of property or the usual course of business.

SUMMARY OF MEDICAL SCIENCE. Edited by WILLIAM S. WILKES, M.D. Part I. April, 1881. Six. Claude Y. Evans.

In this new medical serial, it is proposed by the editor to present a semi-annual digest of the articles possessing the greatest practical interest in the principal European and American medical journals, commencing with the year 1869, together with contributions from eminent foreign physicians and chemists. It will be furnished as a summary view of the current progress of the best part of a record of important surgical cases, and an account of new experiments and discoveries in therapeutics. The contents are arranged under the heads of General Medicine, Surgery, Midwifery, Toxicology,